

# BUNCOM HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

JUNE 2006



## A CONVERSATION THAT COULD ONLY TAKE PLACE AT BUNCOM



### If only those buildings could talk ...

By Connie Fowler

"Well, frankly, I'm just a little bit P.O.'d that those humans didn't have that celebration thing this year." The Post Office remarked mostly to herself.

"If you ask me, it's just a bunch of BUNK." Grumped the Bunkhouse.

"Is not". Said the Post Office.

"Is too." The Bunkhouse retorted.

"What are you two arguing about now?" The Cookhouse yelled from across the road.

"We were just discussing the fact that the humans didn't have that thing they have every year and I for one am just P.O.d about it."

"Bunk; Just a bunch of bunk. All that foofoo stuff hanging all over so you couldn't even see my rustic charm with all that junk

on my walls. Not to mention all that tromping around, scuffing up my floors."

"That is hilarious." The Post Office giggled. "Scuffing up *those* floors, like it would matter. I worried more about the older humans tripping over the big cracks."

"Hey, you two, what about me? I'm a cookhouse, was in the 30's, but do you think these new humans ever cooked inside of me? Nope. Brought in some fancy campfire thing and cooked outside. They gave me a new floor and then never even did cook inside. What am I? Chopped venison? (A little cookhouse humor, heh, heh.)"

The Post Office groaned. "I rather enjoyed having myself filled with books, books and more books. As the Post Office I held a genteel position and being a library for a day made me feel important again."

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## THE BUILDINGS TALK ...

(From Page 1)

"Yeah, yeah," Snarled the Bunkhouse. "Like you were when you had all those hippies living in there in the 60's."

"Well, it was soooo beautiful and full of love and peace and like wow, man, I can't remember much more about it."

"That thing they called a parade was the dumbest. March, march, wear silly costumes, smile at the little boxes they pointed at the marchers. Never lasted more than a couple minutes."

"I don't know. When they came by me," said the Post Office, "I almost wanted to rise up on my creaky old piers and join them."

"Actually, I kinda liked seeing the little humans having fun." Said the Cookhouse.

"Yeah, the bigger ones too."

"And the music was fine, just fine."

"I never could get that chicken thing. What's so great about chicken poop? We've had bird poop all over us for several decades and I sure didn't hear any clapping."

"Well, you have to admit, it was sorta lonely that day they didn't come." The Post Office sighed.

"Yeah, me too." Agreed the Cookhouse. "I missed all the goins-on. Hadn't seen that much since we lived at the Federal Mine and then those miners didn't seem to be having much fun."

"Okay," The Bunkhouse conceded. "I guess I missed it too. The humans were all pretty nice and most remarked about my rustic charm. (What they could see of it.)"

"What's insurance?" Asked the Post Office.

"I don't know, but I heard it was the reason they didn't have the party this year."

"In the old days everybody had parties and danced and ate and did all kinds of fun things and I don't think they had that insurance." The Cookhouse remembered.

"I for one, hope the humans come

back next year." The Post Office stated emphatically.

"Me, too." Yelled the Cookhouse from across the road.

"Okay, I guess I wouldn't mind it too much, even though it is a bunch of bunk." The Bunkhouse grumbled; but only a little.

### Memories of the Lumberjack Cafe

(Now the Magnolia Grill, in Ruch)

We ventured out for breakfast the other morning at the Lumberjack. There we found Dottie Smith cheerfully doing double duty as waitress and cook for a little while.

As Dottie wielded her spatula in the kitchen, the hungry group of "locals" shouted their orders and poured their own coffee. While Dottie is an excellent cook, finding things in the unfamiliar territory proved an awesome task. After several attempts to find the oatmeal, she suggested that Roy and Connie Sorensen have whatever she fixed them. Kind of like when you lived at home with mom and dad, you know, "Here, eat this. Because I said so."

Anyway, to further stir things up, Cecil Morris jumped up to exclaim that a bus load of people had just pulled up outside and were hungrily marching up to the door.

Finally, someone suggested that we post the morning breakfast special as "Dottie's Surprise." None of this banter ruffled Dottie's feathers one bit, and my pancake and egg were done just right.

(By Connie Fowler)



## **THANKS TO THESE NEW OR RENEWING MEMBERS**

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## **That's My Uncle!**

In the last issue, we printed a number of pictures from the collection of Wayne Salisbury and asked if anyone recognized a relative or friend. Judy Barr of Medford called to say that Elton Hood, shown kicking up his heel in about 1928, was her uncle.

## **A SPECIAL THANKS ...**

**Along with their dues, several of our members sent additional donations. We would like to offer our additional thanks for their generous support:**

Harlan & Jackie Musch  
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The Buncom Historical Society is a non-profit corporation dedicated to preserving the buildings and history of the ghost town of Buncom, Oregon. Society address: 3232 Little Applegate Road, Jacksonville, OR 97530.

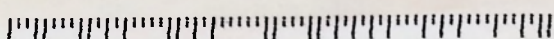
On the Internet:  
[www.buncom.org](http://www.buncom.org)

To join the Society, send \$5.00 with your name and address to the Society at 3232 Little Applegate Road, Jacksonville, OR 97530.





*Last year we wrote about the old barn at Buncom, which collapsed in the late 1980s. Here's another photo of it in the snow.*



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